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FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH,

A

MEMORIAL

OF

JOHN ANDERSON,

LATE JANITOR OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE,

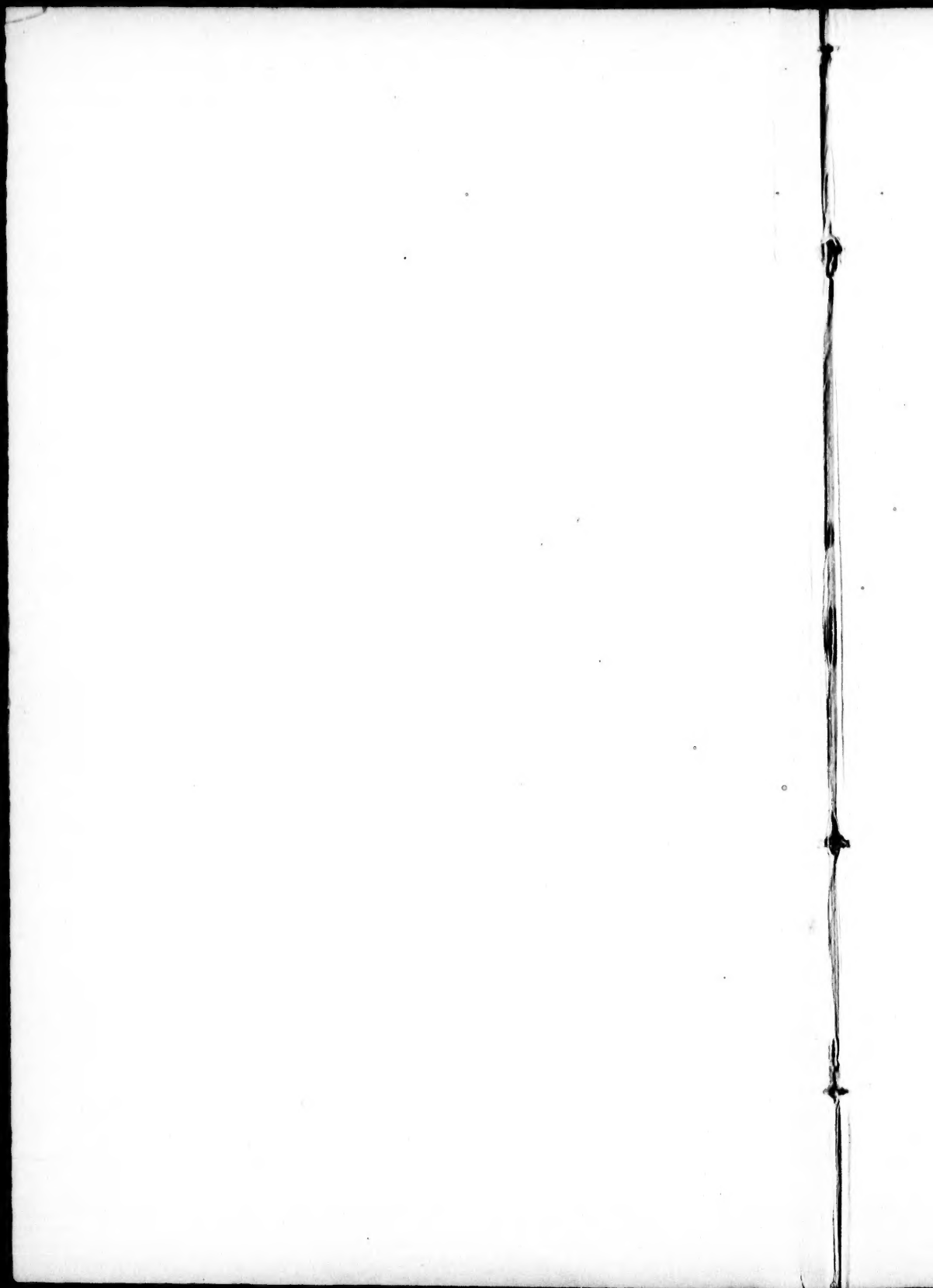
KINGSTON, C. W.

"There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

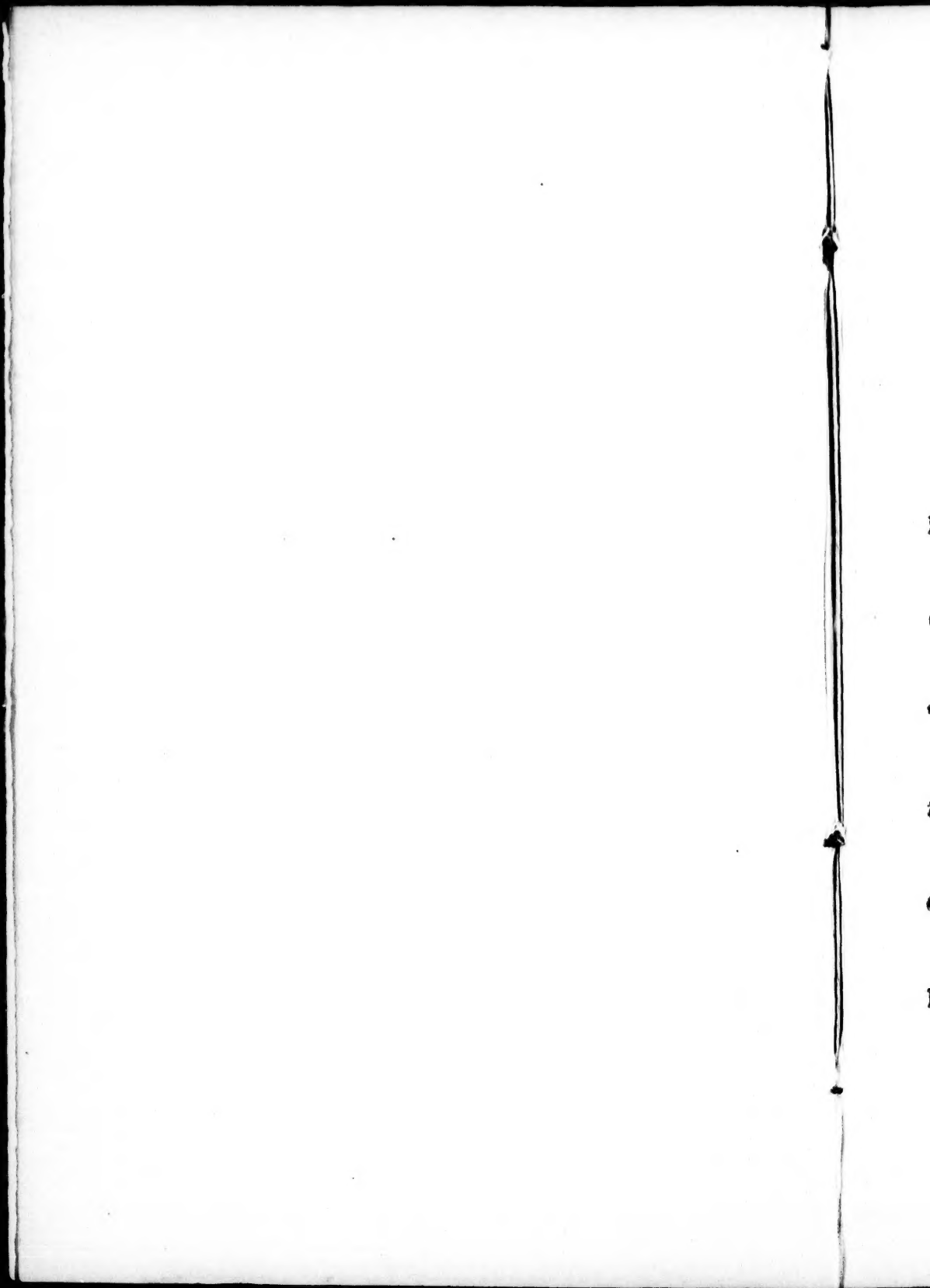
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1859.



° TO
THE STUDENTS OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE
WHO HAVE HAD OPPORTUNITIES OF
WITNESSING THE
CHRISTIAN LIFE, OR THE HAPPY DEATH HERE RECORDED,
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS INSCRIBED.



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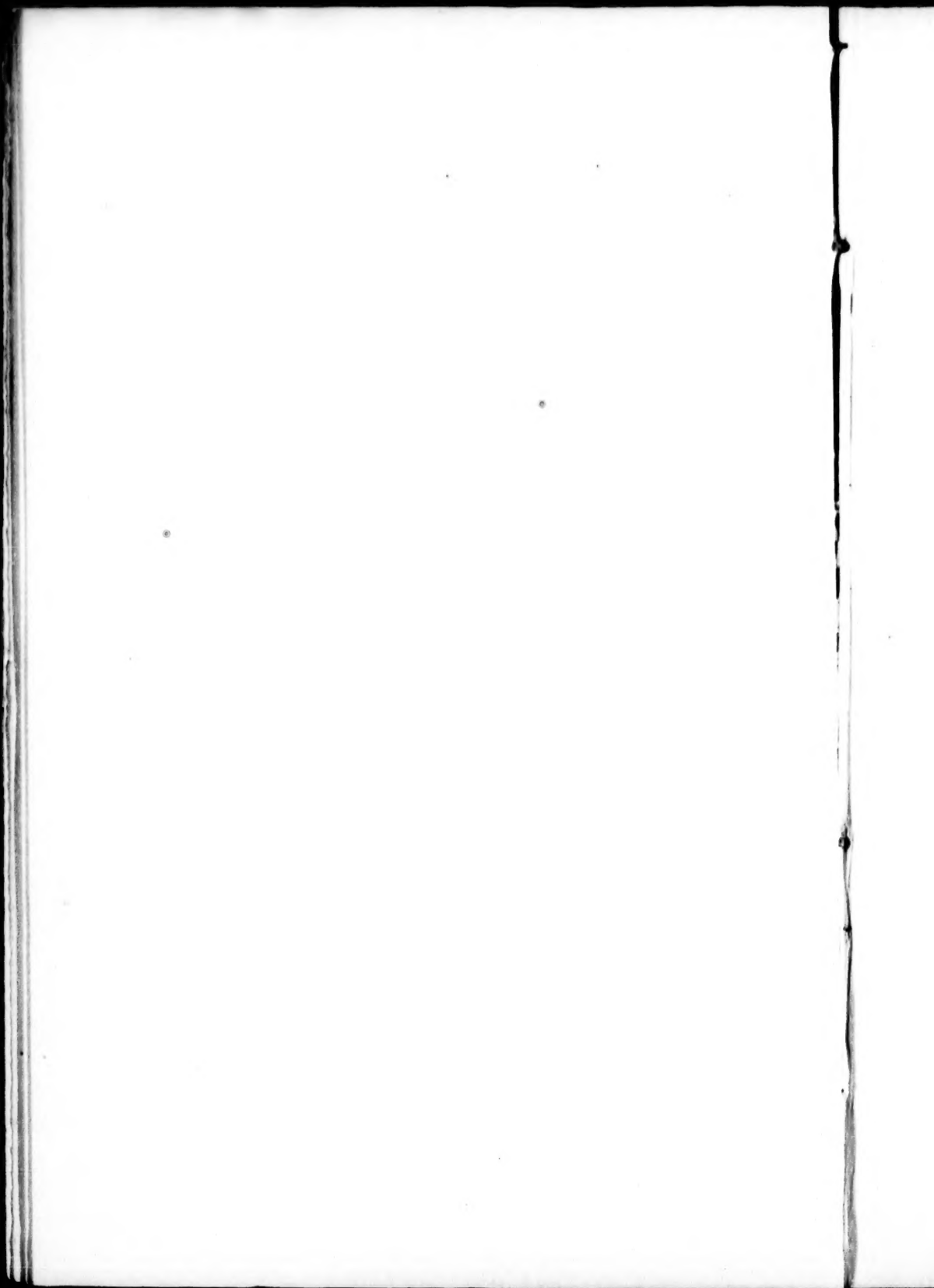
P R E F A C E .

In an age like the present, when the general superficiality of the time seems to extend itself even to religion; and the olden type of manly and vigorous piety is becoming unhappily rare;—it has seemed matter of regret that the rising literature of our young Country should not possess a record of one whose strict unfailing integrity of life and conduct commended to all around him the power of the religion he professed.

This feeling, and the hope that the presentation of his life to the public, may give the influence of his memory a wider field than it might otherwise have had,—have induced the publication of this little memorial of an individual who was truly a blessing and a benefactor in his sphere.

May it be blessed of God to accomplish its design, and to stir up many to become “followers of him, even as he was of Christ.”

KINGSTON, NOVEMBER, 1859.



I.

EARLY INCIDENTS.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—
Footprints that, perhaps, another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, may take heart again."

—LONGFELLOW.

If the "lives of *great men*" are useful to remind us that "we may make *our* lives sublime,"—the lives of some whom the world would *not* call great, may, even more effectually teach us the same truth. Many a youth, it is true, destined to noble achievements, has had the first sparks of heroic enthusiasm kindled in his mind by the Lives of Plutarch, or the biography of some modern hero of the field. Many a future philosopher has been encouraged in the midst of difficulties by the early toils and triumphs of some struggling son of genius;—and many a Christian phil-

anthropist has felt his pulse quickened and his spirit stirred up to fresh exertions by the recital of the labours of a Howard or a Martyn.

But as regards the great mass of men,—such examples fail in one point. *Every* man cannot become a Newton, a Wellington, or a Wilberforce. Few, on the contrary, are either fitted by nature or placed in circumstances to distinguish themselves in the paths marked out by such lofty minds. Placed by mental qualifications and social position, in a rank of comparative mediocrity,—they are apt to become convinced that *they*, at least, have nothing to do with sublimity, and sinking from the bright but vague dreams of youth, into the commonplace and uninteresting routine of every day life, are too liable to fall into the sordidness of aim and narrowness of view which will most effectually realize this conviction. Now, to such it would be no small benefit, could it be made manifest that lowliness of station, or mediocrity of talent does not necessarily involve *lowness of aim or character*;—especially if this were shown by the example of one,—in a position, it may be, more humble than their own, who made *his* life sublime, for surely *that* life possesses the truest sublimity, which most firmly holds the path of duty and fulfils God's wise design. Might not even the weary and desponding be stirred up more bravely to bear their part in the battle of life, if convinced that true Christian greatness may lie in the humblest

path and most commonplace routine ;—that each and all, however weak or lowly, have a mission to fulfil that angel's might envy, and footsteps to "leave behind them" which shall last,—not for time alone,—but for eternity ?

For reasons such as these, it has been desired to trace the earthly course of one, whose life, though humble indeed to the eye of the world, was yet truly great in the highest sense ; one who, we cannot doubt, has, ere now heard the welcome commendation ;—"Well done thou good and faithful servant," and has entered into "the joy of his Lord."

JOHN ANDERSON, the subject of this sketch, was born on the 9th of March, 1810, in the village of Swinton, in the pleasant county of Berwickshire, Scotland. His father's occupation was that of a Carrier,—that is,—a person who transacts business, executes commissions, and carries parcels between the country people and the neighboring town.

Little remarkable is known of John's early life. It was probably that of most boys of his class and country. The simple fare of the Scottish peasantry, abundance of out-door exercise and early healthful toil, gave him the strong constitution and robust health proverbially characteristic of a Scottish ploughman. At the parish school he received the simple but substantial education which is so widely diffused in his native country.

In his case it was the foundation on which he raised in after life the goodly superstructure of a course of careful and intelligent reading. As regarded religious training he owed much to the care of his faithful and earnest minister,—the Rev. Dr. Hunter, now of Edinburgh, of whom he was wont to speak in terms of strong attachment and esteem. At that time he had few, if any, serious impressions. Yet the taste which he afterwards evinced for the works of the old theological writers of Scotland, must have been even then, in some degree, formed, and the Gospel truths implanted, which were in time to be more fully developed, and to bring forth abundant fruit.

In character, he was at this period, “a light-hearted young lad,” eagerly joining in all innocent pastime, and very social in disposition, while, at the same time, never transgressing the rules of strict sobriety and decorum. Blithe, kindly, and ever ready to oblige, he won in the village the expressive commendation of being “*just everybody's body*.” His personal appearance,—judging from what it was after forty summers of toil and care had bronzed his cheek and furrowed his brow, must have been very prepossessing; his tall, strongly knit figure, bright hazel eye, and well formed expressive features, lighted up with intelligence and good humour, must have given him in youth claims to no ordinary share of good looks.

The tide of emigration which was setting in towards the western continent, drew John into its current,—and in 1830 he left his native Scotland, never to return. As he crossed the stormy ocean that lay between the home he had left and the untried shore of his destination, the young ploughman had doubtless his own golden dreams of success and wealth in the “new and happy land” where the smiles of plenty were supposed to be so easily attainable. If so, his visions of earthly riches were not to be realized. Yet, this can hardly be regretted, since he was there to find the “pearl of great price,” and prove, in his quiet, faithful pursuit of duty, a *truer* benefactor to his adopted country than some whose names and praises have been echoed far and wide.

In the year 1834 he came to Peterboro', C. W., where,—two years later,—he entered the service of the Rev. J. M. Roger, the Presbyterian minister of that place. “I was attracted to him”—wrote his master after the lapse of more than twenty years,—“by his blithe and kindly expression. I found him most industrious and honest ;—his manners quiet, gentle and obliging.” Until this period, though outwardly blameless, he seems to have been as yet uninfluenced by the living power of the gospel of Christ. But during his residence in Mr. Roger's family he became awakened to a deep sense of his sin, and his need of that blood which alone cleanseth from it;—and with a

heart touched by a Saviour's love,—he entered without reserve into the service of that gracious Master, who was henceforth to be his Friend and Guide through a long, lonely life.

Though his natural disposition had previously been amiable and pleasing, yet the effects of the new life on which he had entered were soon visible to those around him. In the Sabbath evening exercises of the family, he seemed to take peculiar delight;—"and when," writes his master, "in 1839 I returned for a few months to Scotland with my family, I parted with him in the belief that he was an established Christian; and I am thankful to learn that that belief has been so fully verified." The verification—twenty years of faithful, laborious service, and consistent Christian deportment,—is certainly a satisfactory one.

During his residence in Peterboro', John had occasion to give a substantial proof of his loyalty as a British subject, by marching into Cobourg under arms as a volunteer against the "rebels" in the year 1837, when a handful of malcontents, aided by a band of American "*sympathizers*," managed for some time to keep our frontier counties in a state of alarm and disturbance. Happily, however, the threatened revolt proved abortive, and John's services, with those of the other volunteers, were rendered unnecessary.

II.

O N W A R D .

“‘Lord,—and what shall this man do’?
Ask’st thou, Christian, for thy friend?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end;
This is he whom God approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves.”

—KEBLE.

On the temporary removal of his master from Peterboro’ in 1839, JOHN ANDERSON was transferred at his request, to the service of a friend in Kingston, C. W. Here he remained for some years in the capacity of warehouseman, carrier, &c., in a grocery establishment. In this, as well as in his next employment,—that of driver of a bread cart,—he won the respect and esteem of his master by his faithfulness, punctuality and integrity; and the regard of his customers by his kind, cordial and obliging demeanour. His shrewd originality too, and intelligent conversation, often rendered intercourse with him a real

pleasure to persons of refined and cultivated minds. Indeed, in his total distance from everything low or vulgar, and in his quiet dignity of manner, he was "one of nature's gentlemen."

But these external characteristics, amiable as they were, were but the outward workings of the *hidden life*, the source and well-spring of all that is "pure and lovely, and of good report." John's Christian progress was steadily onward. Nor can we be surprised at this when we know the watchful, prayerful spirit he strove to maintain;—when we find that it was his invariable custom,—whatever might have been the duties and fatigues of the day, to spend an hour and a half each evening in the study of his Bible. No wonder then, that, like Christian in the allegory "reading often in his roll, his spirit was refreshed" and that the Divine truths with which his thoughts were so imbued, shed so blessed an influence over his life. His acquaintance with the Scriptures was thorough indeed; and when he met any one willing to converse with him on the subjects he best loved, he would speak out of the abundance of a full heart of the treasures he had found therein.

But the love for his Saviour which burned in his breast found its outlet even more in *actions* than in words. He was a steady and useful member of the Church of Scotland, to which he belonged, and unfailing in the regularity of his attendance on its ordinances and appointed exer-

cises. He early entered on the work of a Sabbath School teacher,—a labour of love in which he continued to persevere till within a very short time before his death, and indeed as long as his strength would permit. The duty he thus undertook was never discharged in a light or careless manner, but with his whole heart. Sabbath after Sabbath, whatever the weather might be, he was always to be seen at his post; often bending forward and even gesticulating in his eagerness to impress on his young hearers the truths he so deeply felt, and to point them to the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." He spoke with power, *because* he spoke from the heart, and few, if any, of those who shared his instructions, though now widely scattered, do not affectionately remember them, and ascribe much of their spiritual improvement to his faithful teaching.

At a weekly Teacher's meeting, which was for a long time held on the Friday evening or the Sabbath morning for a prayerful consideration of the lessons, John was always in attendance, and his plain, but sensible remarks were often felt by those who had enjoyed greater advantages, to throw a new light on the passage of Scripture they were studying. Here, and at the Sabbath School it often devolved upon him to lead in Prayer, which he did with the earnestness and fervour of a soul indeed "*wrestling* for a blessing" from his

God; while his language, though plain and simple, possessed an air of quaintness and ancientness which seemed to carry one back to the days of the old Scottish covenanters. Unless as Christians we are to lose our faith in prayer, whose efficacy our Saviour himself declares, we cannot but feel that these earnest prayers of this "righteous man" must have "availed much" to the Sabbath School and congregation in which he took so deep an interest,—*how* much,—will never be known till the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

The weekly evening prayer meeting,—a means of spiritual refreshment, with which many professing Christians seem to think they can dispense—was, by John, particularly prized. Never did the stormy nights of Winter or the bright pleasant evenings of Summer, detain him from the Sanctuary on these occasions, and nothing but the call of imperative duty was permitted to interfere with his regular attendance. So unfailingly punctual was he to the hour appointed, that, as the dog, which for years was his constant companion, was wont to station himself outside, to wait for his master,—the appearance of "John Anderson's dog," at the Church door, was a significant intimation to all late comers that the service had commenced. Although at these meetings he did not often take a prominent part, his reverent mien and bowed head showed how fully he realised the

promise of Christ to the "two or three" who come together in His name ; and when he *did* take a part, his earnest supplications carried all hearts with them to the throne of grace.

John's type of piety had been to a great extent formed on the model of the old Scottish divines, and possessed much of their depth, solidity, and quaintness. This latter quality,—combined with his natural shrewdness and originality,—made him an excellent specimen of the old sterling type of Scotchmen now fast passing away. He had strong and decided opinions, with perhaps some prejudices,—and neither were easily shaken. He loved the "good old ways" of his forefathers and disliked changes. His attachment to the Established Church of Scotland was strong and steadfast,—and when invited to join the Free Church at the time of its secession,—his reply was characteristic. "No, no," he said, "Except ye abide in the ship ye cannot be saved." This answer was not meant to express any narrow-minded exclusiveness,—for he always manifested a most Catholic spirit towards Christians of every denomination,—but simply his conviction that it was his duty to hold by his Church, and labour for her good, instead of abandoning her to drift upon the quicksands which might be threatening her.

He was especially averse to modern innovations in the religious teaching of the young. At a Teachers' Meeting, called for the purpose of

considering some new modes of instruction, John at length rose, and expressed his dissatisfaction with the tenor of the conference in the laconic but expressive sentence,—“*I am of the old school.*” One of his greatest objections was against the introduction of *hymns* into the Sabbath School exercises. These he regarded with great jealousy, fearing lest they might interfere with the good old Scottish practice of singing the metrical Psalms, in which to the very end of his life he took great delight. Happy will it be for the rising generation, now so liberally supplied with hymns,—if it shall, in future times, be characterized by as sterling and vigorous a piety, as that which the Psalmody of Scotland tended in no small degree to foster.

Another danger against which John was very anxious to guard was that of urging upon children the necessity of conversion, *without at the same time*, carefully instructing them in the Scriptural truth, which alone could show them the need of a real and thorough change of heart. At a Sabbath School Teachers’ Meeting, held during the last summer of his life, he spoke very decidedly on this point. He was afraid that mere transitory feeling or excitement might often be mistaken for *real* conversion, in cases where care was not taken to enlighten the understanding and awaken the conscience, *as well as* to work upon the feelings and affections. And, certainly, the alarming prev-

alence in our age and country, of a spurious Christianity,—destitute of the fruits of vital religion, would go far to show that his fears were not groundless. Many unhappy events have lately shown how fearful is the danger of resting satisfied with the religion of mere impulse and feeling, instead of a religion proceeding from the true principle of spiritual life, which finds its development in *acts as well as feelings*. Of the beauty of the contrast, when both proceed together in symmetrical proportion;—when integrity of life and blamelessness of conduct flow from the *heart right with God*, John Anderson was a striking example. His convictions of sin were deep and pungent, for he had studied deeply the law of God, and felt at once its uncompromising holiness, and his own utter inability by nature to fulfil it. But embracing his Saviour as his “righteousness, and sanctification and redemption,” he had peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and could now rejoice in that holiness which was formerly his condemnation;—abiding in the faith which “purifieth the heart and overcometh the world.”

In order to complete, as far as possible, the portraiture of John Anderson's character, a few extracts are given from his letters to his friends in Scotland, letters written, it is scarcely necessary to say, without the remotest idea that they would ever be seen by other eyes than those of the

friends to whom they were addressed. The only alteration made has been that of correcting the errors in orthography, in which, owing to early disadvantages, lay John's greatest educational deficiency. The following extracts are from letters written during the earlier years of his residence in Kingston. In reading them, allowance must be made for the difficulty which a man, so unused to composition, necessarily experienced in committing to paper the thoughts that flowed fast and warm from his heart. This difficulty John seems often to have felt :

KINGSTON, April 26, 1841.

MY DEAR FATHER :

*** I am labouring under the conviction of my great neglect in not writing to you, for although you had given up writing to me, this was no excuse for me. And I would have been enjoying great peace of mind, but I was always mourning what a neglected creature I was,—homeless and friendless,—a wanderer alone, when I might have been enjoying the company and consolations of you and all that was, and ought to have been dear to me ; but alas ! I threw away those golden jewels before I knew the value of them. But, dear Father, I think that it cannot be possible that you have yet forgot me, although I confess I deserve not a place in your affection. I have often been haunted in my

thoughts, by the little value I put upon home and all its enjoyments until experience taught me their true value. I have often thought if all your children had yielded you as little comfort as I have done, how unhappy you might have been. I often think how happy the people in Scotland are, by what they are here, although they may enjoy more of the world's wealth than they have in their power at home. When they get a hundred acres of land and that paid for, they call themselves independent, although they are perhaps deprived of every Christian privilege; and indeed there is no rational enjoyment here as in Scotland. Bonny Scotland! will I ever see you again?

When you receive this letter you will I hope take the trouble, if you are still spared, to write me a few lines and I will receive them with gladness. My kind love to my Brethers James and William, and to my lovely sister, and to my Brother Robert and wife and son, and tell them all that I flatter myself I shall yet see you all.

Your loving son,

JOHN ANDERSON.

KINGSTON, April 20, 1844.

DEAR FATHER:

Once more I take up my pen to let you know

that I am in good health at present,—thanks be to God for all His mercies to me, so undeserving.

Kingston is very dull at present, as they are removing the Seat of Government to Montreal. It has knocked everything on the head. There has been nothing doing last winter at all. I never saw such misery, poverty and wretchedness in all my life. I often felt sorry to think of the poor creatures with no clothes scarcely, and little fire,—and it so very cold last winter.

I am still with my old master, and I have hired with him for another year, but whether I shall be able to stand it or not, or to see it out, God only knows. I feel my constitution weakening, and I have now been long subject to a bad cough, which is brought on by repeated colds, and often brings on Consumption. We are frail creatures at best, and apt to forget that our foundation is in the dust. I often mourn over the way in which I have wandered, as I think of the shortness of human life. I tore myself away from everything that had any tendency to sweeten life in the way through this vast howling wilderness. Oh how rich is that person that is blessed with contentment. If there is anything in all this wide universe worth courting, it is that contentment which sweetens every cross. I think over the hardships that I have endured for the sake of freeing myself from the cares of this world, but now I see that I am just as far from happiness as at the beginning.

Happiness is not to be found in the creature ;—there is no happiness away from God !

I should have been very glad to have come along with ——— to have seen you all, and as I have a great wish to see that depository of the dead where sleep the ashes of one that so much loved me, and watched over me with so much care and tenderness which my ungrateful heart forgot to repay,—which makes me often now to mourn. But I hope the Lord may yet spare me to visit that land so dear to me, and I think it would be good for my health, but it seems as if it was not the time for me to go yet. Write soon and tell me what you are thinking about coming to America. My kind love to you, dear Father and Brothers and Sisters.

Your loving son,

JOHN ANDERSON.

III.

THE TRUST, AND ITS FULFILMENT.

“One by one, thy duties wait thee,
Let thy *whole strength* go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.”

“Every hour that flits so slowly,
Has its tasks to do or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,—
If thou set *each gem* with care !”

By what seemed at the time an unfortunate concurrence of events,—John Anderson found himself in the year 1851 unexpectedly thrown out of his previous employment. He was for some time in considerable perplexity about his future movements, and even formed a plan of emigrating to California—then in the height of its popularity. From this idea, however, his friends earnestly dissuaded him ;—and he decided on remaining,—to fill, soon after, a situation of more trust and responsibility than he had yet held. He was engaged as Janitor, by the Trustees of Queen's College.

Never did the Trustees find reason to regret their choice, for a more efficient, conscientious, trustworthy servant, or one more devoted to the interests of the College and the Students, they can never hope to find. His was no mercenary hireling service; it was the hearty devotedness of one who thoroughly identified himself with the Institution of which he felt himself a part.

The College buildings and grounds were extensive,—and their care, with the cultivation of the large garden, gave him plenty to do during the long summer vacation. Here he might be seen, in the early summer mornings, working as industriously as if his own living depended upon the produce of the ground. This, together with the no light task of cutting and piling with his own hands all the firewood to be used in the building during the winter,—fully occupied his time, and prevented him from feeling the loneliness of his situation.

The College—though a solitary,—was a very pleasant summer residence. Built upon a gently rising slope, it commands a full view of Lake Ontario stretching its blue waters far to the westward;—its wide, ocean-like expanse relieved by the green islands and fertile wooded shores in the foreground. Here John had his own neat apartment, always kept in order by himself, and his well-filled book-case, containing a small but choice library, embracing a varied stock of Divinity, History and

Poetry. He was fond of reading, and in his leisure hours managed to lay up a very considerable amount of information,—and as his mind was reflective and discriminating, he read with intelligence and profit.

Here too, like Abraham, he raised his altar to the Lord. Regularly as nine o'clock arrived, might be heard the voice of prayer, or the sweet old Psalmody of Scotland, rising from John's apartment, a token of the solitary evening worship he was offering to his "Father who seeth in secret." When on his death-bed, he could recall with peculiar satisfaction, the memory of the many happy hours he had here enjoyed of solitary communion with his God.

In this quiet seclusion,—for he was the only human inhabitant of the place,—the Summer months passed peacefully away, and when Autumn came, and brought the throng of returning students—full of life and spirits—to resume their studies, the place was no longer lonely,—at least in the day time.

In Winter, John's duties were more varied and engrossing. He kept in order the classrooms, took charge of the fires, attended the Professors when required, and rang the College bell hourly, a duty always performed with unfailing punctuality. His arrangements were always excellent and methodical. He never seemed in a hurry,—but *never* a moment idle, and his work,—

whatever it might be, was always *thoroughly* done. The Professors found him a ready, intelligent assistant in any arrangements of apparatus, &c., requiring a strong arm and a dexterous hand, and indeed in this line, he rendered himself, at last, almost indispensable. He could take the meteorological observations when, as sometimes happened, there was no one else at hand to do so;—though in his strict regard for the Sabbath, he could not easily be reconciled to the necessity which Science imposes for their being taken on that day. He could sympathise heartily, in this respect, with the spiritually-minded McCheyne, who, —though he did not condemn,—had no love for the practice.

In his dealings with the Professors, John Anderson was always the trustworthy and respectful official;—and often, though never stepping out of his place,—the affectionate and sympathising friend. In his intercourse with the students he could be, as occasion required,—the stern reprover, the sympathising comforter in trouble, or the almost paternal counsellor. He has been known even to afford pecuniary assistance to some of them in time of need. Always cheerful and obliging,—ready to appreciate and enter into any *innocent* “*fun*,” while at the same time frowning down all that showed any tendency to impropriety or insubordination,—the College Janitor secured the res-

pect and confidence of all, and the real attachment of many.

He regularly attended the religious exercises of the College. Day after day, as the hour arrived for morning prayers, he took his usual station by the door, and his reverential demeanour must often have had a subduing influence on a careless or irreverent student. His blameless Christian conduct carried with it no small moral weight. His strong uncompromising piety was known to all, while at the same time he thoroughly combined the *diligent in business* with the *fervent in spirit*, serving his Lord equally in both. Not the most determined fault-finder could have accused him of neglecting a single secular duty for the religious ones which he so much enjoyed. In both, he was contented to serve God patiently in his own sphere, feeling that

"The daily round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves;—a road
To bring us daily, nearer God."

And the consequence was that his character rose high above the possibility of attack. If the laugh or sneer against religion was ever directed to others, it fell powerless against him; for all felt that there was *that* in *his* religion which must not be trifled with. Daring indeed must have been

the offender who would, in *his* presence, have ventured upon a jest with sacred subjects.

Of the regard in which he was held by his young friends, many convincing proofs were given in his last illness. His little library too, contained many tokens of friendship,—or of recognition on the part of the various Societies among the Students, of the extra services he cheerfully rendered in reference to their meetings;—often to his own personal inconvenience.

Nor was the bond of union broken when the young men bade farewell to their Alma Mater. The sterling character of John Anderson made the impression he produced one not easily effaced, and when in after years a student returned to visit old College scenes, no smile of welcome was more cordially given and received,—no hand met his with a truer grasp than that of his old friend—the Janitor. When the tidings of his death were made known, they saddened and impressed many a distant *alumnus*, and from far-scattered students came, as with one accord, expressions of regret, and testimonies of their sincere esteem for that undeviating, unostentatious piety, which in him it had been their privilege to witness.

The following extracts, from letters written during his residence in Queen's College, contain a graphic picture of some of the difficulties and privations of his post—of which, however, he was scarcely ever known to complain. It will be seen

too, from their tone, that the patience and cheerfulness with which he bore his lonely lot did not arise from *stoicism* :

KINGSTON, December 30, 1851.

DEAR BROTHER :

Since the 1st October I have been at Queen's College as Janitor for the session which ends on the 1st of May. I stand the cold very badly, and I have got a very bad cold. As the weather has been and still is very severe, and as the market is nearly a mile from the College, I felt this very hard upon me. I used to get fatter in winter, but I think that this winter I am falling off, although I cannot say I have had bad health; but for some time, I suffered greatly from a strain in my knee, and as I was so situated that I could not take rest, I strained every part of my body, which drove me into a violent fever, from which I am happy to say, the Lord hath restored me again to my former health and strength, for which I am truly thankful.

I was happy to hear that your fears for the future were not as in so many cases, producing discontent. John, it is a truth of the richest kind that contentment is the richest legacy that is to be found here below. There are some that do very well by trying other climes, and more do worse,

but I think from my own experience and observation, that if I and a good many more had been contented, we would have been just as well at home.

I was very sorry to hear from you of Brother James' long and severe illness, and the little hope there was of his recovery. He has been a great sufferer. I hope that it has been sanctified to him, and that with the Psalmist he is able to say "It has been good for me that I have been afflicted—before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I keep thy law." But yet, we know that "no affliction for the present seems joyous, but grievous," yet afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby." This is a world of troubles;—they are confined to no age and no land. This news made me very melancholy, and filled me with gloomiest thoughts. I thought,—hard and trying as James' case was,—that he was at home and with his own,—but I thought if anything like this was to befall me, how miserable I would be. Often already I have found nothing gives me so much consolation as the promises of the Gospel. Oh that we could all trust in them more. I am in hopes that my dear brother may yet be spared, and that the Lord may grant to him more days upon the earth, and that he may come forth out of the furnace of affliction purified, and may yet glorify God's name upon the earth; but if other-

wise he has determined—that He would take him to Himself, and fit him to resign himself and all his little family to Him who has promised to be the widow's husband, and the orphan's stay.

There is not much news as to the state of our country that is of much interest. There will never be much peace in political feeling so long as party spirit runs as high as it does at present. Our Parliamentary elections are now going on, which is causing a little stir through the country, and brings out a little money, which is about all the good they do. The two parties are called Radicals and Tories. The Radicals have been in power the last four years, and they have just done as little good as the Tories. It is thought that they will again be the majority ; but for my part I never trouble my head about one of them. Although the polling-house was just across the street, I never went near it.

KINGSTON, March 5, 1853.

DEAR SISTER AND BROTHER :

I have up to the present been contemplating a great move in bidding a long farewell to Canada ; but although I have often thought of leaving it, I have never yet been able to effect my escape. Two years ago I was all ready to go to California, and was prevented, and now this year I have

many fears that I will not be able to make my escape.

Your last letter to me was one of a very solemn kind, announcing to me the death of my dear brother, with whom my early days were spent, and many of the hardships of our early days we bore together,—and as branches of the family tree, I often thought that his family affection was very strong, and often wished that my feelings were as susceptible as his. I also thought that his constitution was better than mine. Although he was never so strong as me, yet I think he was able to endure more fatigue ;—but all this is nothing. How true it is that we are as the grass that groweth up ;—it the morning it flourisheth and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down and withered. What can we say but humbly acquiesce in all the doings of the Lord and only say “His will be done ;”—and hear the voice that echoes from the tomb of those gone before—“Be ye also ready.” In the midst of sorrow there was cause for joy to think of the comfortable hope that he entertained of his Saviour’s love and willingness to receive the very chief of sinners who believe on his name. By faith in the virtue and efficacy of His blood to cleanse and purify, death was to him disarmed of its sting. That he with so much composure spoke of trimming his lamp of grace to light him into the marriage supper of the Lamb, was comfortable testi-

mony. How "blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth and forever?"

The description of your visit and the mingled scene, as well as the description of your own feelings I will not soon forget, as you described to me the happy sound that fell upon your ear, as it came from the lips of him who had been the instrument in God's hand of leading our departed brother to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus,—as he spoke of the firm belief and the well-grounded hope that he entertained of his safety and his happy change. You only saw the coffin that contained the mortal body, but the speaker was looking and speaking of the immortal part that had entered upon that inheritance that is in corruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away.

Everything, as you entered your native village, wore a gloom, and all that was dear to you was sorrowful;—many now no more to be seen. I thought what a sorrowful sight it would be to me to return to it. It fills my mind with something of a very painful kind,—what time has done, and what a very short period will do. Soon will we all be gone the way of all the earth.

How sad it is that we are so apt to forget things of so much moment! Procrastination,—the great thief of time—is always saying—Time enough yet for these grave matters long after this. Such delays are attended with great danger and

risk, for in an hour when we think not, we may be called to give in our account.

We have had at the College this winter a very severe dispensation of sickness,—some cases of small pox of the African kind. One young lad was in bed forty days,—long blind and quite insensible, and yet he has got over it. The College was stopped for eight days ;—it is nothing at all to get on as long as they are kept at classes, but when you have thirty of them in their rooms all the day, burning wood and working mischief, it is a hard job to get along. This winter I have just wrought as hard as ever I was able,—from six in the morning till ten at night,—so many stoves and so much shovelling of snow. There is no end of it, for it is sometimes to be cleared away three times a day. It is a very confining berth too,—you must be there every hour, as you have to ring the bell every hour. I was not farther than the market this twelve month.

You told me that my father was very much cast down,—it was no wonder. He has lived to see great changes in his family, but I hope that all these trials will be sanctified to him. Send my kind love to him—may the blessing of God be on you all.

Your loving brother,

JOHN ANDERSON.

At the time when this letter was written, a boarding establishment was maintained in the College under the general supervision of the Professors. As none of them resided within it, the immediate charge devolved almost solely upon John,—a responsibility which seems to have weighed upon him rather heavily. On the removal of the College soon afterwards to a new building, the boarding system was discontinued,—and John thus gives his experience of his first winter of solitude in the new and somewhat isolated building :

KINGSTON, June 26, 1855.

“Last winter is said to have been the coldest since the beginning of the century, and it has also been very cold and dry since the Spring opened. There has been a good deal of suffering amongst the poorer classes. From the hardships of the winter all out-door operations were suspended,—which is one of the worst things in this country.

“This is the first whole year of my life that I have kept Bachelor’s Hall, and I think it would have amused you, John, if you had dropped in sometimes on me and seen me going on in the most essential things in house-keeping. I must say that I find it rather unpleasant, after everything is done, to go and cook for myself. I am about tired of this way of living. I fully expected

that this Spring I would leave the College, for it does not answer me since the adoption of the Medical Faculty last Session. There are many unpleasant things connected with it, and a very great deal of labour for one person to clean and fire such a large place, besides the work to keep the snow from so many doors. In winter, really I was heart broken ;—you have no conception of the trial the wood and the snow is to people here.

“ We had a great deal of sickness among the students. Last Session two of them died ;—fine young fellows. One of them was taken home to London—500 miles—and I was sent over to the Cape, on the *States’ side, (with the body) to go upon the Railway that crosses again into Canada at Niagara. It was one of the coldest nights that was last winter. I never thought to be frozen to death before in my life, but I really thought my very heart was frozen within me, and I got such cold, I fully believed I never would get over it. But I am happy to say that the Lord in His great goodness has again in mercy restored me to good health. I hope this will be to me a sanctified affliction. We never want to feel the rod in our way through the wilderness, but it is certain we would not be safe without it.”

The correspondence from which these ex-

* Cape Vincent in the United States, opposite Kingston. The crossing was upon the ice.

tracts are taken,—a correspondence kept up during so many years of exile,—shows how fresh and strong were the ties that still bound John Anderson to the home and the friends of his youth. His yearning to return to his beloved Scotland, and to those relatives for whom long years of separation had not diminished his affection,—was often very strong. But he was restrained from indulging it by the desire to have it in his power to contribute substantially to the comforts of those he had left behind, and this he believed he could better do by remaining in America. To the last, however, he cherished the hope that he might yet be re-united on earth with those towards whom his self-sacrificing love was so strongly displayed.

But though thus isolated from family ties, it was with John a necessity to find something near him on which to expend his naturally strong affections. His personal friendships were strong and lasting. Social and kindly in disposition, he heartily enjoyed the society of his friends,—and they were not few. He was always kind to the little ones, and liking to have them about him, would exert his patience and ingenuity in endeavoring to amuse them. His solitary abode was usually enlivened by the presence of some dumb favorite, in the shape of birds, dogs, or cats. He kept two horses in succession, apparently for the sole purpose of companionship, for he rarely mounted them. To his dogs he was es-

pecially attached, and it was no small grief to him, when one, which had been for years his faithful attendant, fell a prey to some poisoned meat which had been thrown on the street in a season of general dog-destruction. Poor John stood beside him, sorrowfully watching the death-struggles of his dumb companion, and, when they were over, took him up tenderly in his arms, carried him home and buried him,—feeling almost as if he had lost a human friend;—nor did he soon cease to lament him. At the time of his last illness he had a dog and cat, which seemed to give him great concern; and when pressed by friendly solicitations to remove from his college room to lodgings more suited for an invalid, he closed the discussion by the argument,—touching in its simplicity,—which *he* seemed to think unanswerable —“Who would take care of my dog and my cat!”

It was sometimes a subject of regret to John's friends that he never married, though peculiarly well-fitted for the enjoyment of domestic happiness. When once kindly remonstrated with on the subject, he became very grave, and replied that he did not feel himself in a position to marry. It seemed indeed from what he said, that he had resolved to deny himself in this respect, in order that his hard-won savings,—earned by severe toil, and preserved by scrupulous economy,—might be the more exclusively devoted to the needs of those at home,—“the widow and the fatherless,”—

whose claims he never forgot. There are some sacrifices in this world of ours,—sublime in their self-renunciation, which are made and suffered in silence,—whose full value is never known—save to Him who “seeth in secret.”

Yet though John Anderson's course was to the end a lonely one, and though we find from his letters that its loneliness was often bitterly felt,—we have abundant testimony that it was “not forlorn.” He walked in the light of his Heavenly Father's countenance, “leaning on his Beloved.” And he

“Who hath the Father and the Son,
May be left,—but not alone!”

IV.

SHADOWS.

—
 "Should pining sickness waste away
 My life in premature decay,—
 My Father, still, I'll strive to say—
 Thy will be done "I

"Now, at the end of this valley, was there another, called *The Valley of the Shadow of Death*, and Christian must needs go through it, because the way to the Celestial City lay through the midst of it. Now this valley is a very solitary place."

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

It is easily noticeable from the tone of John's letters that his once robust health began to show signs of giving way. So many years of hard, unremitting toil, and constant exposure to the vicissitudes of a trying climate were telling upon his originally strong frame and healthy constitution. He seems to have felt this, and mentions it in a letter written to his father in the summer of 1855:

"I was glad to hear that you were well, and that you were working hard. Dear father, you

surprise me, at your age. One would suppose that such intelligence would make me think that many years still remained for *me*. But no, dear father, it has no such effect upon me. I never expect to see your years ;—I feel the infirmities of old age just at hand. I used to think that my stock of strength would never be exhausted, and how proud I was of myself when I came to this country ! It is a great truth that we are often wise too late, but what is past cannot be recalled. The only thing that we can now do is to improve the time that may yet remain, in preparing for the ‘rest that remaineth for the people of God.’”

It was not long before his foreboding seemed to be realized, in a severe attack of indisposition, which almost prostrated him. During the winter of 1855-56, a severe cold fastened upon his system, threatening to end in more serious disease. But the bodily pain and discomfort was the least part of the trial. The general derangement of his physical health seemed to re-act upon his mind, and for a time he was unable to rise above the clouds which overshadowed it. He seemed sunk in a gloom and depression from which nothing could rouse him, and even the visits of old and valued friends seemed to give him no pleasure. So deep was his morbid self-abasement and humility, that he expressed his determination to resign his post of Sabbath School teacher, and

when urged by his pastor to retain it, he told him with more than his usual plainness of speech that "he thought it said very little for him to be employing the like of *him* !" He describes his state of feeling at this time in a letter written to his father during the ensuing summer :

"I am happy to be able to tell you of the improved state of my health in body and mind. I was long ill and had little hopes of ever being as well as I am at present,—thanks be to God for His great goodness ;—but I am still far from being what I was, and I think I will never be the same. For a long time I was sunk in a low and morbid state of mind as well as great bodily weakness. I was in a miserable and strange way. I had no wish to see any one, but was just contented to be all alone. But wonderful to say,—in spite of all my neglect and indifference about getting better, it has pleased the Lord to raise me up again and to take away the dark cloud that hung like a weight over my soul.

"It will not give us a title to the mansion of bliss to tell how many fields we have toiled and storms of the world we have braved, and how many thorny and rugged paths we have trodden. We must fight the good fight of faith and lay hold on eternal life. Let us remember that we have only a very short time to stay. Oh ! let us work while it is day !"

During the winter that followed he thus wrote to his brother and sister :

"I am at present in good health,—thanks be to God for all his goodness to me, who was sore broken, and bowed down under sore affliction last year,—that He has not only spared me, but restored me to my wonted health and strength,—and also cleared away those dark clouds that hung over my mind. It has left me under great thankfulness to the God of Providence, who said, "Hitherto shalt thou go and no farther." Many and faithful are the warnings that He gives to his erring and sinful children, but we seldom take profit by them as the chastisements of a kind father who doth not afflict us willingly, but for our profit.

"I live all alone in this large building, some distance from any habitation, and am very quiet from six in the evening till eight in the morning. You would suppose that I must be very lonely, but no, I feel glad when they are all gone, although there are times when the thought comes over me that my choice is a very forlorn and gloomy one. This you see, John, is when busy and coming in to my lonely dwelling, I find the fire out, and now long past the time that I ought to have had my meal. But it soon passes over,—having got what I did not always enjoy—a good patience,—

and I am so used to these things that I begin to think it a privilege to be so occupied in preparing for my own wants.

"You may suppose the great need I stand in of a good patience,—to bear with the tricks and mischief of over one hundred young fellows. Some times it is a trial to bear with them. I am kept very busy to attend to all the calls made upon me. I could manage very well, only for the snow, and so many doors to keep clean, which takes a great deal of labour, and must be done in the morning; and as it is so cold in the morning, I suffer a great deal in this way. I have suffered greatly from a frozen foot, but it is getting better. We, like yourselves, have what we call a cold winter, hard frost and stormy. I am always thinking of leaving this country, but some way or another I have never been able rightly to get away out of it. I don't know how it is that I never liked this country, but for aught I know, my bones may be laid in it. It matters little where we die, if we die in Christ, and have Him for our portion!"

John had now passed through the deepest shadows of the "valley," and could rejoice in the light that came at "evening time," for henceforth no cloud seemed to obscure it. But the trials through which he had passed had done their work

in maturing and disciplining his Christian character, and patience seemed to "have her perfect-work." It was a patience of which he had need, for it was soon to be tried to the utmost.

On a very rainy day, in July 1858, John Anderson found it necessary to go up to the roof of the College buildings, in order to stop a leakage he had discovered there. In doing so, he was exposed for some time to the rain and damp, and not having taken sufficient precautions afterwards, he was attacked anew by the cold which had seized upon two years previously, and had never been entirely shaken off. Weeks passed, and still the hoarseness, and the oppression on his chest continued, while their debilitating effects began to appear in his rapidly increasing weakness and loss of appetite. Some of his friends, who marked these first stages of his disease, advised him to give up the charge of the College, with its laborious winter duties, until the symptoms should have entirely left him. With this advice he seemed at one time willing to comply, and had almost decided to take a voyage to Scotland to see once more his aged father and the friends from whom he had so long been separated. But his dislike to change, and his attachment to old scenes and habits prevailed—and he stayed. God had other purposes for him here.

It soon became evident that his disease was Bronchitis. He was after some difficulty prevailed

upon to apply for medical advice, and had his throat repeatedly burned by caustic applications, but as this treatment seemed only to torture him, without producing any beneficial effect, it was not long continued. Notwithstanding his state of debility and suffering, he seemed to shrink from complaining, and went about his ordinary duties as if in perfect health. As an instance of his almost obstinate determination to discharge these duties to the last, it may be mentioned that in preparing the College for the winter session, he himself, *unassisted*, cleaned all the stove-pipes used in the building,—a task disagreeable enough at any time, but one which must have been absolutely painful from the action of the soot and dust on his now sensitive throat. His intention was not known till the work was done, or it would, of course, have been prevented.

The College Session opened in October, and John's familiar countenance appeared as usual in the class-rooms and about the College grounds. No failure in duty, no unpunctuality or neglect would have betrayed to any casual observer that a mortal disease was creeping upon him. But when the raw, damp winds of November came with their chilly gusts, his friends began to remark with alarm and grief the change that was becoming too plainly visible in his countenance, the low, hoarse voice and the harrassing cough. His pastor noticed him in the Sabbath School, evi-

dently quite exhausted, but persisting, in spite of all difficulties, in his labor of love. He was remonstrated with and urged to spare himself, but he always replied that he wished to come as long as he could. Nor was he missed from his seat in Church or his Sabbath Class, or even from the weekly prayer-meeting, as long as it was possible for him to walk the intervening distance between the College and the Church. One cold Sabbath however, in the end of November,—the last he was ever out,—the exposure proved too much for him. On returning home, he was attacked with a violent paroxysm of coughing, attended with oppression and fever, which left him more debilitated than ever.

The College authorities who had marked with deep concern his rapidly failing health, earnestly endeavoured to induce him to try the effect of removal to a warmer climate. But though gratified at the interest evinced concerning him, he was firm in his refusal to leave the place which had been to him for many years, a home. If he *were* to recover,—he said,—he would recover here; and if the disease were to be fatal, he could not bear the thought of dying in a strange place,—friendless and alone. So he stayed,—to be cared for to the last by the friends who had long known and loved him;—to be attended and comforted in his hour of need by the youths in whom he had taken so deep an interest. He resisted all solicitations

to leave his College quarters, and remove to more comfortable lodgings, preferring the solitude of his own quiet room, and desirous to perform his accustomed duties so long as there was any possibility of doing so. Even at this stage of his illness, he for some time persisted in rising early in the cold, dark winter mornings to light the fires, and in going out, in the face of the piercing blasts of December, to ring the College bell. During the Christmas vacation, he was found one day lying in a state of complete exhaustion after sweeping some of the Class-rooms, and when he was gently reproached for persevering in work for which he was now unfit, he replied that "it did him good to be doing something," and that "he could please himself in the work, better than any one he could get to do it." He seemed determined to die at his post.

A short time before Christmas he made the exertion of going out to purchase Christmas presents for some of his young friends, and as he presented them, he said that he had got them *before* Christmas, as he feared, should he wait till *then*,—he might not be able to attend to them ;—remark- ing that they were probably the last he should ever give.

On New-Years' Day he was found, by some kind friends who visited him,—reclining in his chair in a state of great weakness, and unable to speak above a whisper. It seemed as if his earthly

course was fast approaching its termination. Yet he rallied again somewhat, and when the Classes re-opened after the vacation, he was still seen, notwithstanding the extreme cold of the weather, going about his work as usual, though it often tasked to the utmost his enfeebled powers. One bitterly cold Saturday, a lady friend who went to enquire for him, found him alone and suffering, fatigued by some extra work he had had, and exhausted by the exertion of conversing with his too numerous visitors. Seeing how much he needed attendance, she again urged the necessity of his having some one with him in the long cold nights, when there was no human being but himself in the large, solitary building. To this he would not yet consent, but admitted that the previous night had been one of severe suffering ;—that he had never slept, and had feared he should be suffocated. His friend remarked that “it must have been a long night,”—but he replied earnestly “No, *it was very short* ;—I thought of my Saviour’s love, and was so happy !”

V.

GOING HOME.

"I see myself now at the end of my journey ; *my toil-some days are ended*. I have formerly lived by heresay and faith ; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with Him in whose company I delight myself. His words did I use to gather for my food, and for antidote against my faintings. He has held me, and hath kept me from mine iniquities ; yea my steps hath he strengthened in His way ! Now while he was thus in discourse, he ceased to be seen of them."

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Early in January, when the person who undertook the severer labours of the Janitor, came in one morning at his usual hour, he found John lying helpless upon the bed from which he was never again to rise. "I'm finished now !" he said, on seeing his friend enter ; and, calling him to his side, requested as a favour that his wife and daughter, with whom John had long been on terms of familiar friendship,—would take in turn the duty of attending him. It need hardly be said that he was left no more alone.

Previously to this period he had sometimes spoken of recovery, and seemed to cherish a hope that he might yet be spared for years of further usefulness. But it seemed as if in that last night of solitary suffering,—his Master had said to him —“ Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live.” From that time he spoke no more of life, and expressed himself not only *ready*, but *desirous* to depart and be with Christ. He made the necessary arrangements for the disposal of the little property which his frugal life and simple habits had enabled him to accumulate ;—and though the greater part of that property was conscientiously devoted to the purpose he had always had steadily in view, he did not forget to set apart a portion as an offering towards the library of the Sabbath School in which he had taught so long.

He wrote by means of an amanuensis to his friends at home, and particularly to the widowed sister in whom he had always seemed especially interested. “ I intended,” he said one day, “ if God spared me,—to go home and see my father in Scotland, but it seems that it is appointed otherwise. I am going to another Father, to another and better country. Oh, how pleasant is the thought !”

The disease was now making rapid progress. The state of his throat caused intense suffering, and soon entirely prevented him from swallowing even the slight nourishment he had hitherto been

taking. For nearly a fortnight he was thus deprived of all food or drink, and as his constitution was not yet prostrated by the disease itself, he might have been said to be slowly dying of starvation. He would sometimes look wistfully at the food which he would gladly have taken, and say that "it was *terrible*" to be hungry and thirsty, and yet unable to touch the nourishment that was offered to him. Yet this,—as well as his other sufferings,—was borne patiently and uncomplainingly. In allusion to it, he would say when accepting with eagerness the offers of his friends to read and pray with him,—that "spiritual nourishment was all that he could *now* take," and *that* he received with avidity. His pain sometimes drew tears from those who witnessed it,—but never a complaint from *him*. All was peace, confidence in a Father's love,—trust in the felt presence of a *personal, living* Saviour.

In one respect there was a marked contrast between John's present illness, and that which he had had three years previously. *Then*,—he had passed through clouds and thick darkness—despondent and discouraged,—doubting sometimes whether he were at all a child of God, or had ever been reconciled through his Saviour. Doubtless at the time, this discipline was necessary, but *now*, it was far otherwise. When his former state was alluded to by a friend who had known him long and well, he gratefully noticed the difference.

"Now," said he, "all is peace,—I have never had a cloud!" Lying at rest in the "everlasting arms," he seemed raised above even the *desire* for release from suffering, until it should be God's own time. On one occasion, when the pain in his head and throat was unusually agonizing,—the same friend expressed her sorrow for his suffering. "Oh no," said he cheerfully, it is *all love*;—God is dealing very graciously with me." On the paroxysm becoming even more violent, she said again, "I wish it might please God to relieve you a little from this terrible distress."

"No," he said earnestly, "He afflicteth not willingly. He is very pitiful and of tender mercy!"

As a breath of refreshing fragrance borne from some bank of flowers to the wearied senses of the toil worn way-farer along a dusty, barren road,—so seemed a visit to John's sick chamber to his fellow-pilgrims through the "wilderness of this world." No unpleasant element mingled with it, unless it were the pain of witnessing his suffering, but even *that* was hardly betrayed by outward sign. Though his emaciated countenance told of the ravages disease had made, it was still calm and peaceful. A light from Heaven seemed to beam in the dark eyes, now unnaturally bright, in contrast with the deadly pallor of his face. His room was kept in its usual neat order by his kind and unwearied attendants, and his affectionate dog kept wistful guard by the bed side

of his dying master. On a table near him lay the books from which he liked his friends to read to him,—chief of which was always the Bible. The hundred and thirtieth Psalm, the fourteenth and fifteenth of John's Gospel, the fifteenth of I. Corinthians, and some passages in Isaiah and Hebrews were often read at his request. The "Morning and Night Watches" by McDuff, was one of his favorite books. A few days before his death, on having the 2nd "Night Watch" read, he seemed to dwell upon it particularly, and added emphatically at the close, "He *is* faithful,—unchangeable!"

His present state seemed an embodiment of the words of the German poet :

"Now my soul is free from care,
For her thoughts from all things cease,
That can pierce like sharpest thorns
Wounding sore the inner peace."

Having thus in his "inner peace" so unclouded and firm,—a foretaste of the home he was approaching, it was not strange that the transition to eternal life—"whose portal *we* call *death*,"—had lost all terror for him. Like the pilgrims in the land of Beulah, he seemed but awaiting by the river's brink the wished for summons.

"What a happy man am I," he said, one day, "lying here, waiting to go home to my Father's House."

When his sufferings were alluded to, he would
d

say—"My sufferings are *nothing*, I have only a short way to go, when they will all be past."

He expressed the satisfaction he felt in looking back upon the many hours of solitary communion with God which he had enjoyed in his lonely abode. He was doubtless then maturing the strength of trust in his God, which was now supporting him. Much of his time was still spent in prayer, and he enjoyed greatly the visits of the friends who read and prayed with him. He would sometimes express fervent thankfulness that he had not been induced to leave home in the beginning of his illness,—saying that he did not know what he would have done, without the prayers and visits of his Minister, the Professors, and his other friends, and said that he felt deeply indebted to the Church for the comfort that some of its young members had ministered to him.

During the three weeks of his confinement to bed, the students readily volunteered to sit up with him—two and two by turns ;—a service of love which they felt it a real privilege to be allowed to perform. During these nightly watchings he would ask them to read his favorite passages of Scripture, and enjoyed much hearing them sing the Psalms he loved so well, saying that it "made the night seem so short." He was particularly fond of the hundred and second, in our old Scottish version, which, if sometimes wanting in polish, is unrivalled for power and simplicity.

On one occasion, when he seemed almost too weak for speech, to the surprise of all, he joined with great delight and fervor in singing the words—

“He from His Holy place looked down,
The earth He viewed from Heaven on High,
To hear the pris’ner’s mourning groan
And free them that are doomed to die ;
That Sion and Jerusalem too,
His name and praise may well record,
When people and the kingdoms do
Assemble all to praise the Lord.”

Sometimes when lying apparently prostrated, he would suddenly begin to sing, in a low voice, a verse of a favorite Psalm—and when he could no longer articulate, his lips would move in unison with those who sang to him. It seemed as if even weakness and pain could not take away his delight in the exercise of praise.

Even yet, John’s attention to duty and consideration for others, was strong as ever. He continued to give directions about what needed to be done in his own old department, and on the very day of his death, he expressed his anxiety that a broken pump should be repaired without delay.

Indeed, so great was his desire that nothing should be neglected, and so unceasing his vigilance in this respect, that,—except that all agreed “*no one could ring the bell like John*”—it would hardly have been known from any outward sign about the College, that its Janitor was laid on a bed of death.

John's friends were very numerous, and many of them claimed the privilege of a farewell visit. He spoke to all kindly and cheerfully, sometimes adding an affectionate wish or a parting counsel. When one of his old Sabbath scholars came to see him, he spoke to her of all the old members of his class, many of whom had long left the place. He said he had thought of and prayed for each one during his illness. He expressed his sense of the kindness of the Professors in their frequent visits to his chamber, and thanked his Minister warmly for his attention, praying for him that he might be "faithful, zealous, diligent and conscientious," and might receive "a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

To the students, too, he spoke in kindly warning where he thought it needed,—in some cases so long and earnestly that it was feared he was injuring himself. "*Living near God*" was the point he dwelt on most earnestly. This done,—all would be well. Even to students at a distance, whom he had known well, he sent messages of affectionate Christian counsel. At this time it cost him an effort to articulate, but the spirit was strong, and triumphed over the failing flesh.

For a short time previous to his death, the power of swallowing returned to him, so that he was once more able to take the food for which his appetite craved, while the relief removed the fear that he might die of suffocation,—the only thing

from which he seemed to shrink with dread. On the day which was his last on earth, he did not seem weaker than he had been for some days previously. He prayed for some time audibly, and in a very earnest manner,—first for himself,—then for his father and his relations, and lastly for the Church and the College. One of his kind visitors repeated the text “I will that they whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory;”—and asked him whether he did not find it precious *now*? His earnest response showed how deeply he felt its comfort.

The same friend also read to him one of McDuff's Night Watches. The following passage is extracted from it as being so peculiarly applicable to the circumstances of him who was listening, for almost the last time, to a human voice.

“May I be enabled to enjoy more and more, every day, holy filial nearness to the mercy seat—there unburdening into Thine ear all my wants and trials—my sorrows and perplexities—my backslidings and sins. Give me grace to bow with child-like submission to a Father's will—to bear without a murmur a Father's rod—to hear in every dealing, joyous or sorrowful, a Father's voice—and when death comes, to have every fear dispelled by listening to a Father's summons—“*To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.*”

Towards the middle of that day—the 1st of

February 1859, he seemed to revive a little ;—but soon sank back into his former weakness. About five o'clock in the afternoon, one of the Professors,—who had been his constant visitant since his illness began,—came in to see him. He engaged in prayer, but before it was concluded, John Anderson no longer needed it ;—silently,—almost unperceived,—the summons had come, and he had gone away to the “better country” he had been “looking for” so long !

In taking leave of the last scene of John's life, the following passage from a recent publication, though not originally bearing reference to *him*, is quoted as being a beautiful and accurate description of his Christian character.

“ He was a man of a most kind and generous heart—beloved and trusted by all who knew him. Cheerful, and in earnest, he did the world's work well. But he did it to the glory of God. For his highest distinction was, that he was a Christian, and a Christian of no ordinary sort,—not one who can hide his light under a bushel, nor one who can put his religion aside when it stands in the way of his advantage, but an honest, fearless assertor and doer of what was right. He was a pains-taking labourer, too, in the vineyard of his Lord ; and after the example of his Lord took special delight in encouraging the little children

to come into the kingdom of Heaven. Such a man we would like to have kept for the world's sake; but God had better things in store for him. And I wish all timid and misgiving souls could have witnessed the peace that he enjoyed, and could have listened to his words of joyful trust and rest in God. "The ways of the Lord are right." "As a father pitieth his children,—so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." "The will of God be done." These and such like words of God, rooted and wrought into his inmost thoughts, were the sources of his un murmuring happy trust in God.

His peace flowed like a river,—not however, because he had an impassive nature that could not feel, far less because he was patient of sin. He would weep over sins that would scarcely have touched a less tender conscience. The elements of his peace were, on the one hand, an abiding consciousness of his own unworthiness, and on the other, an entire and absolute reliance upon the atonement of Christ. He believed in *real truth* what many believe only in *appearance*. He believed in man's utter ruin, and in God's perfect remedy. He believed in the disease, but he believed also in the cure;—and it was this double, but not doubtful faith, this belief that he was diseased, and this belief that he was cured, that made the last conflict easy, and left him—Death's victim *apparently*,—but his *conqueror* in reality."

VI.

F A R E W E L L .

" Then break the rotten bonds away
That hinder you your race to run,—
That make you linger oft and stay,—
Oh ! be your course afresh begun !
Let no false rest your souls deceive,
Up ! 'tis a *Heaven* ye must achieve !
Press on !"

" Omnipotence is on your side
And Wisdom watches o'er your heads,
And God Himself will be your Guide,
So ye but follow where He leads :
How many,—guided by His hand,
Have reached ere now their native land !
Press on !"

—LYRA GERMANICA.

The death of John Anderson, though an event daily expected by those who had been sorrowfully watching the progress of his illness,—could not fail, when it did occur,—to be an event of solemn and effecting interest. While none could mourn that the weary frame was at rest, and the spirit freed forever from its burden of sin and

suffering, many sorrowed for the blank that had been left among them ;—a blank that might not soon be filled. To the College, it was felt, almost any loss might have been more easily supplied than that of its faithful Janitor, and the dispensation seemed a mysterious one, which removed one so useful, from a post to which he seemed so indispensable. It was a striking exemplification of the truth—"His ways are not as our ways."

As John's departure took place while some of the College Classes were in session, it was announced to each at the close of the exercises. In the Chemistry Class-room a large body of students were just commencing the usual noisy break-up, when the announcement was made. Instantly every sound was hushed, and a stillness of some minutes succeeded,—a tribute of respect which those who know the usual characteristics of Medical Students, will not fail to appreciate.

The Students of the other faculties with whom as Janitor, John was more particularly connected, manifested their sincere sorrow for his loss, and as if to show how thoroughly they identified themselves with his memory,—they raised a united subscription to present a valuable testimonial to the family who had been his constant attendants during his last days. The College business was suspended till after the interment, and both Professors and Students were careful to secure that no

customary mark of respect to the deceased, should in his case, be omitted.

At the usual Wednesday evening meeting which succeeded his death, John's Pastor alluded to the event which was uppermost in the hearts of all. He touched upon the Christian life, the peaceful death, and the beautiful expressions of the love, faith and hope which had illumined the dark days of suffering for him who was gone. He reminded his hearers, too, of the faithfulness with which John had for so many years attended that weekly prayer-meeting, and even while he spoke, the eye instinctively turned to the place so long occupied by that familiar form, as if still expecting to see there, him whose place was no longer in an *earthly* sanctuary.

Thursday the 3rd of February, the day appointed for the funeral, was one of thickly falling snow, and few would have chosen to leave their homes unnecessarily and expose themselves to its discomfort. Yet, notwithstanding this, it was a numerous assemblage which collected at the College Hall to attend the remains of the Janitor to their resting-place in the Cemetery,—about three miles distant from the town. As the long procession of Professors, gowned students and private friends of the dead, wound slowly along the snowy streets, it would naturally have excited surprise in the mind of a bystander to be told, that he to whose memory this tribute of respect was paid, had never

been in a higher position than that of a servant. In *this* demonstration, worldly interest or estimation had no place. It was *Christian worth* which secured it, and that alone.

The Rev. Dr. Machar, who had for many years been John Anderson's beloved and esteemed pastor, in his funeral address, took as his text the words—"Oh taste and see that the Lord is good." In showing how this passage was illustrated by the course and experience of the departed, he bore the following high testimony to his Christian character ; testimony which is of no small weight, when it is considered that it was the result of twenty years close personal observation :

"He whose body we are met to carry forth to the grave, was a singularly unpretending man. In few men has there been so much substance with so little show. Of his piety he never made any display, yet, as many here will bear witness,—no man could be long in his company without feeling that he was a truly pious man,—that he possessed not the form of godliness only, but the *power*,—that he had actually *tasted and seen* that the Lord was good. There was that about him, and in everything in him that told you at once that he lived in nearness to God. His attendance upon divine ordinances was remarkable. Never was he missed from his place in the sanctuary, forenoon or afternoon ; never was he absent from a meeting of the Church for prayer, when it was possible for him

to be present. And you could read not only in the constancy, but in the reverence and enjoyment with which he attended upon the ordinances of God,—that he attended upon them because his soul was richly fed by the nourishment which they supplied. There was in him what many will look upon as better evidence of his piety than this; as a good tree is known by the good fruit it produces, so was he proved a tree of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, by the abundance and excellence of the fruits of righteousness, which were ever to be seen in him. And his piety was an intelligent piety,—his spiritual eye was quick and far-reaching. He had but little of the learning of an institution like this, but no man of understanding would have pronounced him an *uneducated* man. He had an education which many might covet to possess, for it was a learning which made him true in feeling, sound in judgment, and upright in conduct. He was true in feeling, his sympathies with the readiness of instinct, ever siding with what was good and praiseworthy. He was sound in judgment, arriving through whatever process of ratiocination at the right conclusion. And that he was upright in conduct, I need hardly say; none who knew JOHN ANDERSON will refuse their testimony to him as a truly honest man. He was sober-minded and steady,—no extravagance in him, no flightliness. His spirit was uniformly charitable. He of course differed from

others in many things, but he differed in love ; and I believe that no one ever heard from his lips a bitter word or a harsh judgment.

“ His religion made him useful in life, and peaceful and blessed at death. It made him useful in life. This is no little thing to say. Our departed friend was most useful in the situation he held in this institution ; its governors may look long and far, before they find a Janitor like him. And he found time to be useful beyond the limited sphere of his service here ; for one thing, he taught a Sabbath Class in our Church with undeviating regularity, and I can add with eminent success, at least, if I may judge from the love in which they held him, a love shown by the deep and unaffected sorrow with which I know that they mourn his loss. And his religion made him peaceful and blessed at death. There are those here who know that it was a privilege to stand and minister at his dying couch. I need not enlarge upon his closing sufferings, they were severe and protracted ; but throughout them all he uttered no murmur. When asked how it fared with him, his reply was “ The Lord is dealing graciously, very graciously with me.” You who have cultivated Physical Science know the importance of a trial, an experiment. An experiment has for weeks been going forward within these walls,—unnoticed perhaps, or disregarded by many, but nevertheless one of the most interesting kind,—an experiment as much more interesting than others

going forward here, as the things of eternity surpass in interest the things of time. Yes, brethren, Christianity—that Christianity which we all profess, but which we may not have learned to value as we ought—has just been subjected among us to an “*experimentum crucis*” of its sufficiency to support and bless in the hour of the deepest need. You have been eye-witnesses of this grand experiment under all the conditions best fitted to give it value ; and the results stand out clear and distinct before you in the patience, the peace, the triumph in death of him who has gone from among us.

“Let not the results of this experiment be lost upon any of us. Professors in this University, let it not be lost upon you ; and while you are led by it to take a firmer hold of Christ yourselves, account it also a higher privilege to drop a word for him to those who sit at your feet. Students in this University, let it not be lost upon you. Hear the voice which it addresses to you. Make trial of the good ways of the Lord. Do not dwell any more upon the *outside* of Christian truth, but try to get at its marrow and *substance*. “O taste and see that the Lord is good.” Taste and see this *now* ; and in whatever sphere you may have to move,—whether a humbler or a more elevated one,—yours shall be a useful life and a blessed death. When with you the battle is over, and the victory won,—those who look upon our cold remains as we look to-day upon those of our departed friend,—dear as you may have

been to them, will not bewail your departure with a sorrow that cannot be comforted. They will say, as they lay your body in the body's temporary resting-place,—“Over him we sorrow not as those that have no hope,—for them that sleep in Jesus, God will bring with Him!”

The task of summing up this brief history of a humble Christian life is now completed, and in saying farewell, the writer would only linger to re-echo with all earnestness, the exhortation of the address just quoted. “An *experiment*” has been set before you, in the life you have just read, and is its result not fraught with deep interest for *you*? If you *already* know and love the gracious Master in whose service it was spent, your heart will swell with grateful thanks to Him, for a new proof of His unfailing and supporting love.

If you have *not* yet “avouched the Lord to be *your* God and Redeemer, does not the experiment contain for *you* yet *more* important lessons? You have seen it tried both for life and for death. You have seen that the love and strength of the Saviour is able not only to overcome the evil tendencies of the soul,—to guide it in daily duty and to light up with sunshine even a lonely and common-place life, but also to give “perfect peace” and unclouded happiness when the body is oppressed by languor and suffering, and the soul is entering into the mysteries of an unseen eternity. Do you doubt that Chris-

tianity is *true*? No vague hallucination, no fanciful enthusiasm could have satisfied a mind like John Anderson's at such a moment. When time is fading into eternity, the sheet anchor must be a *substance*, not a *shadow*.

Perhaps you have heard of the wonderful effects of the religion of Christ, effects which you have hardly believed, or at least, have thought overwrought and exaggerated. Here you have abundant proof that they are sober truth. And do *you* not—whatever be your circumstances,—need the same Friend and Guide for life,—the same all sufficient refuge for a dying hour? Then is this never-failing Elder Brother ready and willing to be all to you that He ever was to any of His chosen people.

Are you unwilling then to make that *entire* and unwavering self-dedication for which you shall receive so overflowing a return;—a dedication which so deeply affects your well-being in time and in eternity,—which can alone keep your conduct and motives pure amidst the struggles and emulations and contests of the world, and preserve for you a perennial spring of *real* happiness, even amidst its most harassing losses and cares? Without *this*,—the labors of the loftiest rank,—the most aspiring genius,—may be mean and low;—*with* it, the toil of the humblest artisan acquires an ennobling element.

And then, what a work lies before you;—what an aim for a life,—rising high above all intermediate and transitory dreams of success,—wealth,—power,

or fame. It is a work that you will find opportunities of pursuing whatever be your lot in life,—yes, and in the very discharge of the duties to which you are called. Whatever be your calling—professional, commercial or mechanical,—whether it lie in the high or the lowly walks of life,—you can always in your “daily paths” find work to be done for your Master, hearts to be won for Him, enemies of His kingdom to be resisted and overcome. And no calling on which you may lawfully enter, can make this impracticable. Difficult your path may be, and at times discouraging, but He who placed you among the difficulties will help you to overcome them.

And is there no *sublimity* to be found in a work in which the best and wisest of the human race have thought themselves *privileged* to engage?—no sublimity in joining in a labour which angels deem it an honour to be allowed to aid?—no sublimity,—above all,—in filling even a *humble* post in that great “army of the living God,” which is mustered against all the powers of darkness,—whose leader and Captain is our Gracious and Glorious Saviour—God manifest in the flesh !

But —“*the love of Christ constraineth us,*” and it is this love alone,—rising in gratitude to Him who has borne our sins, and procured our ransom at the price of His own precious blood and bitter anguish,—which can induce the consecration, or animate for the work.

May each reader of this little book find this love awakened in his heart, and having come as a repentant sinner to Him who will in no wise cast out,—go on, by prayer, by watchfulness, by constant working for Him—to *live the life* of “the righteous,” and *then*,—his “last end” shall “be like his !”

Where once he dwelt, we see his face no more,
We miss him from the paths he trod so long,
The well-known form,—the kindly gleaming eye,
The loving heart, so full of sympathy—
The strong and manly spirit which he bore—
That “did the *right*,” unbending to the wrong!
No more the church-bell that he loved of old
Hath power to call him to his wonted place,
And when the “lambs” are gathered to the fold
We miss the smile of *that* familiar face.
But faithfully his Christian course was run,—
Nor may we sorrow that his work is done,
But rather joy that he has gone to rest,
Far from all coming evil, toil and strife,
At peace forever on his Saviour’s breast.
To win *that rest*—may we, too, live *that life*!

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